

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and

NUMBER 798
VOL. XXVII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897

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Henry B. Fuller*

MR. HENRY B. FULLER, the novelist, was born in Chicago forty-one years ago. His family had been established in the city for two generations before him—his grandfather, Henry Fuller, being one of the pioneers that gathered around Fort Dearborn. The author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" started life with the desire to become a composer, and, above all, with the determination to support himself, although fortune had made this unnecessary in his case. Mr. Fuller filled the place of bookkeeper in several commercial houses of Chicago, fostering his love for music and saving money enough to take him on a two years' visit to Italy. There was born the idea of "The Chevalier," which was written in bits and scraps in all places and at different times, and finally confided to a trunk, from which it was rescued to make a weary and unsuccessful tour of the publishers before the author resolved to bring it out at his own cost, through a Boston publisher. The book won the admiration of those whose praise is best worth having; why it never reached a wide popularity will be easily understood.

Since then Mr. Fuller's literary work has shown a constant and rapid growth in seriousness and breadth. In fact, there has seldom been a happier metamorphosis than that which has changed this chronicler of vain thoughts and mild intellectual dissipations into the critic and apologist of our crude but plastic American civilization. If Mr. Fuller may be said to have, in a sense, discovered Chicago, Chicago has developed Mr. Fuller. "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" was a delightful bit of art. "The Châtelaine of La Trinité" was in some respects a stronger piece of work. But we dare say that few of his admirers up to that stage had any idea of the force that the author held in reserve. Who could suppose that the painter of those delicate miniatures could paint, on the scale of life and with a sweeping brush, such portraits as those of Cornelia McDodd and Jane Marshall? There is nothing like ugliness to bring out the full strength of a worshipper of the beautiful.

The dilettante Chevalier is a nice fellow; we admit it. So nice, that we do not envy him his lodging over the Arno, his doubtful Madonna, his possibly genuine Aldine, his unhappily not dubious Contessa. Nay, even his supreme good luck in having been on the verge of celebrity without toppling over—we can spare him that. He is a modern Prince Fortunatus, only too modest for the rôle. The Prorege of Arcopia is altogether charming. We do not doubt that he would adorn a throne. And who would miss the history of the Iron Pot? Or the story of the successive triumphs, unsullied by spoils of any sort, by which, in his gloriously obscure old age, Professor Gregorianus was led to attempt the conquest of the utterly unknowable?

In "The Châtelaine of La Trinité," Mr. Fuller seems to have been, like his realist romancer, *Fin de Siècle*, in search of a soul enshrined in a woman's body; but in neither of his first two volumes has he quite succeeded in finding one. Women will tell him otherwise, but he must not believe them. The Margravine in "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" is, so to speak, but a rough-hewn post; Miss Aurelia West, in "The Châtelaine of La Trinité," a slab-like xoanon; the Châtelaine, herself, an archaic Minerva, stiff, robust and impassive. Instead, he has discovered much that is feminine in the soul of man, and enabled us to take a charitable view of our small failings. Poor things! We have, indeed, our weak spots; there is no denying it. But why should we? Our little resentments, our trifling views,

our small follies—manufactured ruins and imaginary lake-dwellings, and the like,—these are to us what dress and flirtation are to the sex which, according to Baron Zeitgeist, rules America. We sometimes try to do without them, and are much the worse for it.

This is, in fact, the lesson which our author has charged himself to teach us. We take life too heavily. We make it a duty to sweat and groan. Our small relaxations are indulged in on the sly. Why not—since such is our nature, and it is useless trying to change it—why not be openly frivolous, vain and coxcombical, good-natured, charming and amusing? It would be pleasanter for others and wholesomer for ourselves. There are, however, two sides to every question; and, even in the ingenious history of the Chevalier and his friends, the author occasionally lets appear his impatience with the vain shows and pomps of their butterfly existence. The pinnacles of Latin society glitter beautifully, but it is founded on a quicksand, Mr. George Occident reminds the Prorege; and although that worthy though semi-royal personage seems to have the best of the argument, his logic proves nothing. Great, indeed, is leisure, greater than labor—provided one has earned it, and knows what to do with it. But the use to be made of time may be one thing in Arcopia, and another in Shelby County, without implying any contemptuous reflection on either place. "General awfulness" is as predicable of certain ways of killing time, whether artistically on the Boulevards or foolishly on Fifth Avenue, as of the entire lack of any means of disposing of one's leisure.

Mrs. Cecilia Ingals and her worshipper and would-be rival, Miss Cornelia McDodd, in "The Cliff Dwellers," are the first flesh-and-blood women that Mr. Fuller has drawn. They are both much more truly American than Miss West. The first-named reappears in "With the Procession," and there are to be found two other types, more sympathetic, more human, more American still—Mrs. Bates and her protégée, Jane Marshall. The chief interest is still in the petty social ambitions of the personages. Passion does not appear. The greed of money is only a vast, dim force working in the background. The most important personages of the novelist are controlled by the desire that they and theirs should get along in society. But he has succeeded in making that paltry motive respectable from the novelist's point of view. He has shown that it may be the spring of much dramatic action, and furnish the occasion of interesting displays of temperament and character.

We are asked to charge the final downfall of the Marshalls to American social conditions, involving, as they do, a tremendous outlay for very small returns in the way of enjoyment, and remorselessly crushing, as they do, the mired butterfly, instead of daintily picking him out and setting him on his wings again. We are charitable to dishonesty, having, at bottom, no very deep regard for property; but we are, as yet, far from the European laxity of sexual morals. In this and other things, good as well as evil, it is in vain that we make haste to become civilized after the European pattern. We not only overshoot the mark on the side of evil, but we throw away the advantage of our wholly novel position, from which, if we would only allow time, might come the crowning civilization of the world. We are spending our vitality in trying to imitate what is inimitable, the product of conditions which have never existed here; and we succeed only in making a silly and shabby travesty of externals. But, widespread as this mania is, it is not universal. There are yet to be met with men who have improved in every way with the widening of their powers and responsibilities, with-

* See portrait on page 217.

out losing anything of the plastic simplicity of their character—ready still for whatever fate may send. It is on such men that the future depends, not on the hustlers and the scramblers, nor, least of all, on the pupils of a Proroge nor the trainers in self-assertion of a Châtelaine. Our author's curious preoccupation with women is shown in the fact that he presents us with the feminine double of such a character in Mrs. Bates, but he does not appear to know that the masculine original exists.

The collection of dramatic sketches called "The Puppet Booth" must be mentioned in order to complete our survey. It is the slightest of our author's works, though as finished in execution as any of them. Only one thing seems to us worth pointing out in regard to it: that Mr. Fuller's judgment is not infallible in matters architectural. He describes elaborately and enthusiastically the architecture of the White City, and it does not appear to have struck him that the Court of Honor, so-called, was but two ends without any adequate middle, and he unaccountably fails to mention the most beautiful building of the Fair, the temple erected by the Merchant Tailors to Eve, the first sempstress.

Mr. Fuller should now put aside his puppets and other playthings. He has shown himself more than a maker of ingenious toys. He has in Chicago and the West an immense field before him, full of truly heroic material; and we believe him capable of entering in and working a large section of it.

ROGER RIORDAN.

The Original of "Little Billee"

THE "Life and Letters of Frederick Walker," by his brother-in-law, John George Marks (The Macmillan Co.), is more interesting to the general public to-day than it



"DOING PARIS"

would have been ten years ago. At that time very few Americans knew Frederick Walker, and even those who know him now, know him more as the Little Billee of du Maurier's "Trilby," than as an English painter. Everyone who knew Walker seems to have been fond of him. He was a sort of pet of the literary and artistic circles of London, twenty-five or more years ago. As a colorist he never made any great success. His pictures were admired principally for the sentiment in them, for the story they told. It was in his black-and-whites that he excelled, and the wood-engravings that bear his initials are to-day eagerly sought by collectors.

It is well known that Walker illustrated some of Thackeray's novels, and made illustrations for *The Cornhill Magazine* when Thackeray was its editor. There is a story that some of the illustrations supposed to have been made by Thackeray himself were really done by Walker, but no

one who knows either of the two men could believe such a tale as this. Thackeray was not the man to sail under false colors, nor was Walker the man whom one could ask to play any such trick on the public. Mr. George Smith, of the well-known firm of Smith, Elder & Co., has contributed to this volume his recollections of the first meeting of Thackeray and Walker:—

"At that period [1860] my time was fully occupied, and in order to prevent interruption, my room at 65 Cornhill was carefully guarded from intrusion. On one occasion, when leaving my room, I saw a young gentleman quitting the outer office whose appearance attracted my attention. I inquired who he was, and was told by the clerk who acted the part of dragon that he was a young artist of the name of Walker, who wished to draw for the *Cornhill Magazine*, and who had called before with specimens of his drawings. 'He is a mere boy,' said the clerk. 'I told him you were engaged, as I did not think it would be of any use for you to see him.' I said I would see him if he called again. About this time Mr. Thackeray was beginning to find it troublesome to draw on the wood the illustrations for 'The Adventures of Philip,' which was then passing through the magazine, and two or three of the drawings had been made on paper and afterwards redrawn on wood, but not to Mr. Thackeray's satisfaction. When Mr. Walker paid another visit to Cornhill and I saw his drawings, it occurred to me that here was the artist who would redraw Mr. Thackeray's designs satisfactorily.

I mentioned the subject to Mr. Thackeray and he said, 'Bring him here and we shall soon see if he can draw.' An arrangement was made afterwards for me to call for Mr. Walker and drive him to Mr. Thackeray's house in Onslow Square, early one morning towards the end of 1860. The drive was a silent one, Mr. Walker's agitation being very marked. When we went up to Mr. Thackeray, he saw at once how nervous and distressed the young artist was and addressed himself in the kindest manner to remove his shyness. After a little time he said, 'Can you draw? Mr. Smith says you can.' 'Y-e-e s, I think so,' said the young man who was, within a few years, to excite the admiration of the



AN UNMISTAKABLE BACK

whole world by the excellence of his drawings. 'I'm going to shave,' said Mr. Thackeray, 'would you mind drawing my back?' Mr. Thackeray went to his toilet-table and commenced the opera-

tion, while Mr. Walker took a sheet of paper and began his drawing; I looking out of the window in order that he might not feel that he was being watched. I think Mr. Thackeray's idea of turning his back towards him was as ingenious as it was kind; for I believe that if Mr. Walker had been asked to draw his face instead of his back, he would hardly have been able to hold his pencil."

It is interesting to read the following note of Thackeray's account of this interview, which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) has given to Mr. Marks:—"My father told me one day with interest that a very clever young fellow had been to see him, offering to draw for the *Cornhill Magazine*. My father had asked him whether he could draw, and when Mr. Walker modestly said, 'Yes, he could draw,' my father, who was dressing at the time up in his own room, said, 'Well, draw my back,' and turned around to the glass over the chimney and began to shave, and so the drawing was done."

The first poster made in England by an artist of eminence for the purpose of advertising a book was made by Walker for Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White." The drawing was



POSTER FOR "THE WOMAN IN WHITE"

first made on paper, in chalk and charcoal; the outlines were picked through for transfer on the wood, and the design then drawn by Walker on the wood itself. It is certainly a very artistic and striking design, and quite as effective as most of the startling, slapdash work of the present day.

Walker was in Paris with du Maurier, and some of his sketches made in that city adorn this volume. They are very clever, and, except that they are better drawn, remind one of Thackeray's work. Curiously enough, there is no allusion to du Maurier in this book, and yet, if it hadn't been for him, I doubt if the book would ever have been written. Mr. Marks, its editor, married a sister of Walker, which accounts, I suppose, for his having so many of the latter's sketches and letters at his command. During the last years of his life Walker was an invalid and not able to do much work. He was only thirty-five when he died, in 1875. The



letters which Mr. Marks has selected for this volume show the character of the man, enthusiastic, sensitive and with a keen sense of humor. He seems to have enjoyed life, though he had his disappointments about his art work. The greatest appreciation of his work has come since his death, though even now it is not very great. The friends who loved the man found a great deal of himself in his pictures, and were fond of them accordingly, but this does not make a very large audience for a painter. There were enough, however, in the band of his admirers, to keep his memory green, and while du Maurier has not done him all the justice he intended to in the character of Little Billee, he has certainly extended his fame. Walker, judging from this book, had more strength of character than Trilby's sentimental lover, but each had many of the other's traits. (See portrait on page 217.)

J. L. G.

Literature

"Sons and Fathers"

By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

WE MUST confess that we began this story with misgivings when our critical eye "lit" on the following statement on the reverse side of the title-page:—"This story—out of 816 competing—was awarded the FIRST PRIZE—\$10,000—in the Chicago Record's '\$30,000 to authors' competition.'" (*The Critic* is not responsible for this English!) The statement seemed painfully commonplace and distinctly damaging. Why impale an over-credulous aspirant on the point of such an announcement? There was a touch of the "Miles Gloriosus" in the advertisement, perilously near the boastful braggadocio of the ancient and modern soldier well known to literary fame: distinctly what the French call *fanfaron*. The situation was disagreeable. But three people (*pace* the *Lounger's* correspondent!) sat down heroically and conscientiously to read the thing aloud, determined to make the most of it, but altogether sceptical as to its announced worth in silver dollars. The rather unpromising beginning appeared to throw cold water on the advertisement: surely, this was not the \$10,000 story!

Presently a crisp, clear, swift story-telling style began to develop and sweep urgently on, without especial felicity of phrase or diction, indeed, or time to stop for epigram or apothegm, but with compelling dramatic purpose that knew how to thrill and curdle when the opportunity came. A picture of Southern life in the Reconstruction Period, warm, vivid, true, pictorial, grew under the writer's pen and flowed fluently from his fingers. A large canvas filled with animated, impassioned figures, a mystery and plot admirably managed, full of startling surprise and dramatic climax, amazingly interesting, described with delightful eloquence, held the three readers spell-bound as the story rushed on like a torrent and swept scepticism and newspaperish reminiscence out of mind: a Southern Balzac was here! We will not spoil the story by retelling it, but it is a work of powerful imagination and deep pathos, too full of horrors, indeed, and strange

happenings and sudden deaths, but having a persuasive plausibility in its very improbabilities. The writer was already familiar with some beautiful little short stories by Mr. Edwards—"Two Runaways," "Ole Miss an' Sweetheart," "De Valley an' de Shadder"—poetic waifs and estrays of the magazines; but he did not suppose they contained the brilliant promise of "Sons and Fathers" (reversing Tourguéneff's title). Mr. Edwards has, too, the rare gift of keeping the secret of his tangled, many-threaded plots, so that their disentanglement comes as a true surprise.

Miss Magruder's Latest Stories

1. *Dead Selves*. J. B. Lippincott Co. 2. *Miss Ayr of Virginia, and Other Stories*. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

"DEAD SELVES" is a depressing title, even when one recollects the Tennysonian context; but any other than a depressing title would be out of place on the "complete novel" (1) in the March *Lippincott's*.

Duncan Fraser has spent an inherited fortune in scientific research. Among his neighbors at Brockett is the widow of Fred Gwyn, who resides in "a sort of castle" on the outskirts of the little town. Rhoda is beautiful, young, charming—but "she had married a man imbecile in mind and contemptible in body, had been his wife for two years, and was the mother of his imbecile child." It is not surprising that a "strong and graceful gentleman" should hesitate to marry a young woman who had married an imbecile for his money and given birth to an imbecile child; but as two wrongs always make a right, Duncan waives his scruples, and wives Mrs. Gwyn—for her money. She has offered to invest in his scientific undertakings, on learning of his needs; but as they are purely experimental, his sense of honor prompts him to refuse the proffer, and to propose matrimony instead. He despises her, of course, and when he speaks to her of marriage, it is merely of a formal ceremony, which shall leave "each as free in our own lives as now." He is to give the "social advantages" of his presence and name, and she is to furnish the money for his expensive experiments. He offers his hand, she takes it, "in a cool clasp," and he fixes June 1 as their marriage day. New York becomes their home.

Two years later she has become a woman of fashion, and her interest in her husband's work is beginning to create a soul beneath her cool exterior. She is not yet five and twenty when a copy of "Middlemarch" falls into her hands, and in her haste to follow the story "she found herself skipping—a thing she had never done in her reading before." There had been "no birthdays, anniversaries or little celebrations between" her and her husband; but now he gives her "a complete edition of George Eliot," and she begins "to wrestle, for the first time, with the problem of herself." Shortly afterwards she visits her mother-in-law, who completes the development of Rhoda's mind and heart by acquainting her with "Jane Eyre." As she is "selecting a lump of sugar" for a cup of tea, one afternoon, "clad in a gown that might have been made out of that May-day sky," and shod in one of "several pairs of slender French *mules*, dainty enough for bon-bon boxes," Rhoda admits to "the old lady" that she has never called her husband by his first name. A confession of their strained relations naturally follows; and a heart-to-heart talk in which Rhoda is prevailed upon to call Mrs. Fraser "mother." The upshot of these epoch-making experiences is a decision on the young woman's part to bring to her magnificent city mansion (we are falling into the author's own style!) her miserable little child, that it may be brought up under her immediate care. This most creditable resolve arouses a spirit of resentment in her husband, who has been warming up to his wife lately and has even caused her to almost faint by inadvertently saying "Sit down, dear."

Driving home from the scene of the greatest triumph of his life (a lecture before a body of savants), one night, Fraser

virtually embraces his wife; and on the way from his club, alone, an hour later, he falls on his knees and kisses the seat she had sat on, the leather being still redolent of the orris-root with which her garments were always flavored. But—alas and alack!—on reaching home, he discovers her in the room with her unfortunate child; and when she follows him to his own room, later on, and speaks to him "from out the perfumed silence," he upbraids her with such brutality as to bring on an attack of brain-fever. She falls into a chair. He passionately entreats her to speak to him. "But she neither spoke nor stirred." (The quotation marks are ours: the author uses the words, but does not quote them.) Then he carries her to her bed ("Oh, but the burden was sweet!"), and, "still in his evening clothes and thin shoes," throws on his "top-coat and hat, and having telephoned for a cab to meet him at the doctor's office," rushes "out into the streets, and over the damp, cold pavements"—without, it seems, having taken the precaution to turn up his costly trousers. When Rhoda recovers from the fever, she deems her recollection of its cause a part of her delirium, and is glad to receive a visit from the penitent husband. The scene is thus described:—

"This afternoon, when he entered the room, there was a change. The big bed was empty, and Rhoda had been moved to the lounge in the bay-window. There she lay, swathed in soft draperies of some blue material, which clung to her sweet slender body, just enough wasted by illness to make a passionate appeal to the tenderness of a man who loved her. The light coverlet had been thrown aside, and there lay her long body, fine and straight and beautiful beyond his imagining of beauty. Her feet were thrust into soft slippers, the pointed toes of which gave that look of being delicately finished at the extremities, which her long, tapering hands also carried out. Her hair, parted and plaited, made her face look meek and mildly grave, and her blue draperies, though they heightened her pallor, gave a look of virginal serenity to her lovely face. Her toilet to-day was *soignée* and dainty, instead of being merely thorough and neat. The difference was due to the fact that it had been for the first time directed by herself instead of by her nurse. The finger-nails, delicately pink, in contrast to the blue-white of her hands, were carefully trimmed and smoothed, and a soft little lace-edged handkerchief, with a *chiffre* delicately done in blue, was crushed in one pale hand. As he came near and stooped, as usual, to kiss her forehead, the familiar scent from this little gossamer-fine thing penetrated to his finest consciousness, and made him clench his hand with a force almost painful, to give himself a danger-signal."

"Speaking in a weak whisper from behind the little handkerchief," she tells how sad it was that her wretched child should have died during her illness, with no one who really cared for it to soothe its last sufferings and follow it to the grave. But here she has done Fraser injustice, and he hastens to reassure her:—"It was not alone. I went there every afternoon to take your place. I sat and watched and rocked it, hour after hour, and I followed it to its grave." After this it becomes possible for Fraser to volunteer the confession that his brutal look and words were not a figment of Rhoda's imagination; but by conveniently ascribing them to his dead self, she finds there is nothing for her to forgive or forget, and the presumption is that they both live happy in an orris-root atmosphere for the remainder of their unnatural lives.

It may at least be said of this book that the style is in keeping with the plot—or rather with the theme, for of plot, in one sense of the word, it is innocent. There is throughout that "sense of strain" from which none of Miss Magruder's stories is wholly free. "The Violet" could not have existed without it; and it abounded in "The Princess Sonia." But here there are other "senses"—"a sense of sympathy," of "fear," of "shock," of "agitation," of "repression," and even "a sense of lack"—something a little short, presumably, of the "awful nullness" described elsewhere. Then there is the customary gush—"the high social vogue which belonged to her," "the magnificent mating of two great and wonderful beings," the "grand funeral" of the imbecile first

husband and the imbecile child's "quiet funeral from the splendid house," the "grand body," the "sweet dark hair," the "dear bosom," the "shadowed scoop" of the heroine's hand, her "low tones, conscious and sentient," "the beautiful, thrilling moments of that scene in the carriage." Rhoda is "supremely woman," and "her high social position, her great wealth, her unusual and impressive beauty, made a combination which was not to be approached by any other woman in society." (If this passage is not taken bodily from *The Chambermaid's Own*, it certainly ought to be.) In this author's writings a box at the theatre is a *loge*, a monogram on a pocket-handkerchief becomes a *chiffre*, a slipper is "a French mule," and things are *svelte* or *soignée* or *chic*, or anything else except what one would call them if one were writing good English. But, as usual, the worst of the minor faults is the dwelling upon unessential physical details at every crisis in the story—a fault that makes it impossible to dissociate the tragedy from the cut of a gown, the color of a glove, or the shape and polish of a finger nail.

In "Miss Ayr of Virginia, and Other Stories" (2) the same faults are to be found; but we are free to confess that in none of them are they quite so obtrusive as in "Dead Selves." The tales are artificial and unwholesome, as a rule, but not so glaringly so as is the "complete novel." A daintier bit of book-making than the volume that enshrines them is not often seen.

Bourinot's "Canada"

The Story of Canada. By John George Bourinot. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE *Story of the Nations* Series, published by the Messrs. Putnam in New York, and by Mr. Fisher Unwin in England, has provided the public with compendiums of history as useful as admirable. In all cases these books have not been written by master hands, and often they have lacked that imagination, or, rather, that temperament, which lends a glow to bare historical facts. But Dr. Bourinot, the author whose book is now under discussion, has the accurate touch of the historian with the artistic balance and glamor of the poetic temperament. He possesses, also, the philosophic mind, and that reserve of the thinker which is careful not to do any special pleading, or to fall in love with one incident and enlarge it out of proportion to the whole history. His long training as a student in parliamentary procedure and constitutional history has made him accurate; his varied knowledge, through reading and experience in public life, has made him sympathetic; and the analytic nature of his studies has given him a power of generalization and deduction almost mathematical in its form, and certainly charming in its clearness of setting.

To the very casual person, Canada might seem to be a dry subject for the historian, and the fountain of its romance of history but shallow and soon exhausted. To read Dr. Bourinot's book is to have all such ignorance dispelled. Here are twenty-nine chapters of historical fact and comment, and each chapter reads like a piece of fiction; yet it is hard and accurate fact, illuminated by the touch of fascinating incident on one hand, and the light of a graceful literary temperament on the other. The history of the early Canadians has been done so well by Parkman and a few French writers, that Dr. Bourinot's arrangement of the facts comes with no remarkable originality; but his information is probably better condensed than is the case with any other book upon the early history of the Dominion. Nothing could be better than the way in which he has focused history in Chapter XI, entitled "Canada as a Royal Province, Church and State." In the two succeeding chapters, he has brought clearly within the range of mental vision and understanding the great period of exploration and discovery in the West and in the valley of the Mississippi. And again, nothing could be better than his presentation of the struggle for dominion in the great valleys in North America, between the French and the English, from 1748 to 1759.

Dr. Bourinot's judgment is to be trusted. He holds the balance between conflicting powers and facts with a remarkable nicety, and yet is without fear, and certainly without favor, in the drawing of his conclusions. In dealing with the period which covers the events from the War of 1812 to the present time, he had a difficult and delicate task. The amalgamation of French with English interests, the fusion of racial prejudices, the bringing together of the East and West into bonds of sympathy and mutual benefit, the rebellion of 1837, the story of the Family Compact, the great educational difficulties, the trouble with the clergy reserve lands, the half-breed rebellions, and through and above all, the making and consolidating of a great Dominion, offered, in the presentation of antagonizing facts, many pitfalls for the author of this admirable book. But he has held himself aloof from prejudice and partisanship with a most commendable independence. On the one hand, he has not praised too little; on the other, he has not blamed too much. He has been impartial, sincere, loyal, accurate and clear-sighted. Add to this simplicity of style and vigor of intellect, joined to the interest of the subject, and you have a book of exceeding benefit and interest to the Dominion of Canada and to the British Empire, and of general service in the education and entertainment of the English-speaking races. (See portrait on page 216).

Our New Ambassador to France

GEN. HORACE PORTER, who has just been appointed Ambassador to France by President McKinley, is, like his colleague accredited to the English Government, a man-of-letters as well as a



THE CENTURY WAR-BOOK

GEN. HORACE PORTER

tried and trusted public servant. He was born at Huntington, Penn., in 1837, shortly before the election of his father, David R. Porter, as Governor of that state. His education was begun at the Harrisburg Academy, included a year in the scientific department at Harvard, and started him on his career with his graduation at West Point, in 1860. He served through the war, rising rapidly from first lieutenant to brevet brigadier-general in 1865. During the latter part of the conflict, he served as aide-de-camp on Grant's staff, and from their official relations was born the friendship that lasted till Grant's death. Upon his becoming Secretary of War, Grant made Gen. Porter his assistant secretary; and when elected to the presidency, he appointed him at once as his private secretary. The relations existing between these two, it will thus be seen, were in many ways analogous to those existing between Lincoln and Hay; and it is therefore appropriate that, as the latter wrote the former's life for *The Century*, so the former should be writing of Grant in the same magazine.

Gen. Porter has for several years been President of the Union League Club, and is a member of the Century, University, Metro-

politan, Lotos, Players', Authors and Grolier clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Loyal Legion, the American Geographical Society, the Grand Army of the Republic, and many other organizations. He is president of the General National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Grant Monument Association. The completion of the Grant Monument is largely due to his efforts; and so was the success of the inauguration parade at Washington, this year. He is a successful railroad man, and a noted after-dinner speaker.

The Lounger

D. BIKELAS, one of the best-known authors of Greece, sends to an equally well-known American man-of-letters, a circular letter of appeal in behalf of his gallant little country. It is in two forms—one in Greek and one in English. In a private letter accompanying the circular, he says:—

"I trust you will lend a favorable ear to our appeal. It has been sent to Mr. Fairchild and a few other friends in your city. We have been so used hitherto to turn our eyes to America in the hour of need, that we hope you will not refuse us your assistance in this conjuncture. We stand in need of all your sympathy."

MISTRAL'S WORD, in this connection, is a "Hymn for Greece," published in *L'Aioli*, on Feb. 27, in two versions—Provençal and French. In the former, rhyme is employed; the latter is in blank-verse. Every stanza in the original ends thus:—

"Se fau mourir pèr la patrio grèco,
Rampau de Dieu! se mor jamai qu'un cop."

In the French, which is evidently a translation, the changes are very slight:—

"S'il faut mourir pour la patrie hellène,
Palm de Dieu! on ne meurt qu'une fois."

This shows very clearly how alike in their unlikeness the two tongues really are.

MISS BEATRICE HERFORD, daughter of the Rev. Brooke Herford and sister of Oliver Herford the artist, gave two original monologue recitals in the small ballroom of the Waldorf, on Monday and Thursday last. Her monologues are usually supposed, by those who have not heard her, to be like Mr. Grossmith's entertainments, but they are, in fact, quite unlike the clever English actor's work. Miss Herford comes upon the stage in ordinary afternoon costume and, without any properties, makes her illusions so complete that you are certain that you see things, when there is nothing to be seen. For example, as the New England dressmaker she takes off her wraps, gets her sewing together, threads her needle and sticks herself full of pins, and all without a single accessory. She has caught the talk and the manner of the country dressmaker to perfection. Her best imitation, however, is that of the shop-girl. This is as perfect a picture as it is possible to paint. She has every little point to the life. Anyone who has ever "shopped" can appreciate this sketch, and it was received with shouts of laughter by a large audience. Miss Herford ought to have a play written for her, in which she could play some such character as the shop-girl or the New England dressmaker. Where is Mr. Charles Barnard, who wrote "The County Fair"? He ought to be able to give Miss Herford just the play she needs to display her characterizations to the best advantage.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT writes to *The Gentlewoman* that a native bootblack who was blacking his boots in Japan asked him if he had read Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." The boy said that he was not only reading it, but that he was reading it in English. This certainly shows more intelligence than is possessed by the average New York bootblack, who probably has never heard the name of Washington Irving, and usually does not know enough English to read him, even if he has heard of his books.

MR. JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, whose portrait I publish here in connection with a review of his "Story of Canada" on another



MR. JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT

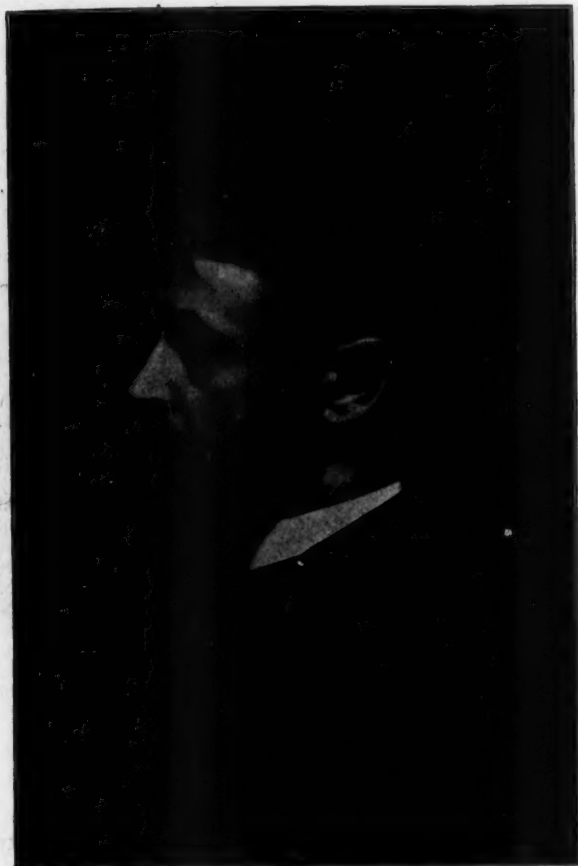
page of this number, was born in Sidney, N. S., in 1837, and educated at Trinity College, Toronto. He certainly has won for himself a secure place among the prominent Americans of our day.

I AM SORRY to see it announced that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber are to "star" separately, next, season. It seems to me that the strength of these young actors lies largely in union. The combination is attractive to the public, and even for business reasons I believe that they would do better together than apart. Look at the Bancrofts, the Kendalls and the Trees; it has not hurt their business that they always play together, and I believe that even Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry would suffer if they appeared in the theatrical firmament as independent "stars." The rumor that there has been trouble between the last two players has no foundation. Sir Henry says that it is "absolutely untrue." I hear from friends in London that Miss Terry was far from well for some time, and that her illness affected her memory. She found it almost impossible to remember new lines, and was in a highly hysterical condition. But a rest in the country is said to have restored her health, and she will soon be able to appear again on the stage where she has won fame and fortune.

THE SUBJECT of changing the name of the Bowery has again been agitated. It is claimed that the song "On the Bowery," sung in "A Trip to Chinatown," has given that region of pawnshops and cheap clothing establishments a bad name. This seems to me a most ridiculous argument. The Bowery has had a bad name for generations, and it was on account of its wickedness and the reputation of its frequenters that Thackeray paid it a visit when he was in this country. It is well known that he was more

anxious to see that famed thoroughfare and to meet one of its "b'hoys," than to drive in Fifth Avenue and dine at Delmonico's. It would be a great pity to change the name of the Bowery, which is one of the few picturesque names left to New York streets.

MR. HENRY B. FULLER of Chicago is one of our rising novelists. His two novels of life in that city are a complete refutation



MR. HENRY B. FULLER

of the theory, brought forward recently by an English writer in *Cosmopolis*, that this country cannot furnish inspiration to its writers. Mr. Fuller is still young, and I think I am safe in predicting that he will be heard from often again, and that he will find an increasing audience.

"MAXWELL GRAY" makes an appeal for funds to build a reredos as a memorial of Christina Rossetti in Christ's Church, Woburn Square, London—the church she regularly attended. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has kindly consented to design a series of paintings for it when the necessary funds for its erection have been collected. Only \$750 is necessary, and one would think that this would be subscribed at once. But, strange to say, only half that amount has been raised, and in the printed list of subscribers there are only eight names known in literature—among them that of Mr. Swinburne. "Of the thousands who delight in Christina Rossetti's poems, both in England and America," says Mrs. Harrison, "there must at least be hundreds who would be glad to contribute some small sum to this modest and beautiful memorial of one of the greatest poets and writers of the age; while her brothers and sisters in letters, poor though the majority

must be, should feel it a stigma upon them that the work is still waiting for so pitiful a sum." Donations may be sent to the Rossetti Memorial Account in the Bank of England, or to W. M. Rossetti, Esq., No. 3 St. Edmund's Terrace, N. W., London, England.

I HOPE that part of this subscription will come from America, for I am sure that Christina Rossetti's poetry has had no higher appreciation in any other country. Was it not our own Mr. Stedman who said that, if merit were the test, Christina Rossetti would have been the successor of Tennyson as the Poet Laureate of England?

ALL GOOD Bostonians—and what Bostonians are not good?—are rejoicing at the striking revival of vigor in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It has taken on much of its old glory, and its efforts at rehabilitation are appreciated. The March number had scarcely reached the news-stands before it was sold out, and a third edition was very soon called for. This is certainly a matter for congratulation both in Boston and elsewhere. Mr. Page is to be especially congratulated, for this success is largely due to his ability and energy as an editor. The distinctively literary touch in *The Atlantic's* papers on topics of general and timely interest differentiates it from the reviews that make timeliness the first consideration.

THE ACCOMPANYING portrait of "Little Billee" Frederick Walker is taken from Mr. John George Marks's "Life and Letters of Frederick Walker," reviewed on page 212 of this number. This portrait, like the illustrations printed in the review, is taken from the book.



FREDERICK WALKER
FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY HIMSELF

Fiction

HAROLD SPENDER'S "At the Sign of the Guillotine" is a cleverly written tale of the Terror and the downfall of Robespierre, into which is woven an interesting love story. The author, who shows himself familiar not only with the leading events and personages, but with the fashions, modes of speech and affectations of the day, contrives to present to us Robespierre and his enemy Louvier as human beings much the worse for the stress of passion and excitement in which they lived, but, at bottom, men who in quieter times might have been good, ordinary citizens. His emigrant nobles, too, are drawn with some sense that the individual is not always as bad as the worst of his class. It is obviously difficult for anyone who will only take the trouble to follow the known documents, to write a wholly uninteresting story about such a time; but Mr. Spender succeeds in interesting us mainly in the fate of his eminently feminine heroine, Élise Duplay, and some of his quiet scenes of love-making and conventual seclusion are among his best. (The Merriam Co.)—A RECENT volume in the series of Tales from Foreign Lands contains a translation, by Emma A. Endlich, of Wilhelm Jensen's "Karine: A Story of Swedish Love." This tale of the love of Gustavus Vasa for the beautiful Karina Stenbock, and of his marriage to her after he had freed Sweden from the Danish yoke and become its king, is told, strange to say, by a German, not a Swedish, author. The story is the seventh in the series—its predecessors dealing with German, Italian, Russian, French, Spanish and English love. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

MARIE CORELLI'S "Jane" acquires more than its intrinsic importance from the fact that it is unusually devoid of the faults we habitually associate with this writer's name. We do not mean that the leopard has changed its spots. Miss Corelli still constructs her sentences loosely, and places clauses beginning "and which" at an infinite distance from their probable antecedents; she still strikes the ethical note until it resounds with a clangor like that of the gong at a railway lunch-room, but her style in this little volume is not so loose-jointed as usual, and, while her manner cannot be called quiet, it is much less hysterical than heretofore. As for the story itself, it is novel and pleasing, being a very readable account of the experiences of a sweet and simple gentlewoman, who inherited a fortune at the age of fifty-seven and "came out" in London society shortly thereafter, under the tutelage of the Honorable Mrs. Maddenham, a member of the "swagger" set with a keen eye for loaves and fishes. What London thought of Jane Belmont, and what Jane Belmont thought of London, are dramatically recorded. The climax of her social career is reached when she receives Royalty under her roof, and, not liking the "ill-bred vulgarians" whom Mrs. Maddenham has invited to meet her exalted guests, promptly turns Royalty out again. After this exciting incident, Jane returns to her country home, her beds of mignonette and cabinets of old china, to spend the rest of her days there "in peace with honor." There are a great many people quite outside Marie Corelli's usual audience who will enjoy this little tale, because it lifts a determined, if somewhat strident, voice in behalf of the old school of manners as against the new. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A well-told story of the fourteenth century is "The King's Revenge," by Claude Bray. From the rescue of the hero at the massacre of Wilington, to the closing scenes in the reign of the false weak Edward, the interest never flags. The sad end of the gallant Earl of Cornwall, and the subsequent overthrow of Lancaster, "the greatest noble of his age," are vividly portrayed. The King's revenge on Lancaster, for his pursuit and destruction of his favorite, though delayed, was none the less sure, and was only satisfied when the proud nobleman's head was laid low. Nor is a touch of romance wanting. The loves of Sir Aubrey and the Lady Alison give just the needed softness to the hard realities of the Scottish border wars. The story is told in the quaint language of the time, in the use of which Mr. Bray is most happy. (D. Appleton & Co.)—IN THE midst of a volume of morose "Interludes," by Maud Oxenden, that show the skilled craftsman's hand and the author's deep insight into the heart of the men and women of our day, it gave us great pleasure to discover at least two stories that are exquisite and inspiring—"A Woman's Smile" and "Robert Ogilvy's Wife." The former little tale alone atones for the many sins of the other stories of the collection, to which the publishers have given a tasteful and substantial setting. (Edward Arnold.)

MRS. HUGH FRAZER, the author of "Palladia," has many of the gifts of a born story-teller. She believes thoroughly in her characters, and feels for them a strong affection which cannot fail to influence the reader in their favor. The tale is essentially romantic, but it is told with such conviction and fervor as to make it seem distinctly real. Palladia, the daughter of the Prince of Schaumburg Valdée, is wooed by the Grand Duke of Corinthia and married to him in summary fashion. This event ushers in for the countrybred princess a very stirring life, in which dynamite and daggers play a prominent part. There is much exciting intrigue, plot and counter-plot, of which Palladia and her husband are the unconscious centres, and a tragedy is necessary before the conclusion can be reached. The young Grand Duchess, who is a "nice" girl at the beginning, remains to the end quite unspoiled by contact with a world which is not at all to her taste. Much delicacy and skill are shown in drawing this heroine. In spite of a wealth of incident, the book is too long by half, and it would have been strengthened by the omission of much of the dialogue, which frequently obstructs the action without throwing additional light upon the characters. But these defects are curable, and, notwithstanding them, the book remains that agreeable anomaly, a sensational novel which furnishes chiefly pleasurable sensations. (Macmillan Co.)

IF THERE IS anything new to be found under the sun, Melville Davison Post has come very near it in "The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason," which is a series of short stories, the central figure whereof, Randolph Mason, is introduced as a shrewd, crafty, remarkably ugly man, utterly devoid of moral principle. A lawyer of unusual ability, he has prostituted his talent, to the pursuit of his favorite theory, which is, that the most horrible wrongs may be planned and executed in such a manner, that they are not crimes before the law. To this end he makes himself familiar with the most minute technicalities of state laws, and this knowledge enables him to advise his clients with the utmost certainty. Through his devilish cunning, murderers, embezzlers and forgers are enabled to walk out of court scot-free, in the face of judge and jury convinced of their guilt, but powerless to convict. Though far from profitable reading, and utterly improbable, this work opens up a new line of thought, and offers a startling commentary on the apparent vulnerability of some of our laws. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A VERY pretty pen-picture of camp life in Northern Michigan is given in George P. Fisher's "Out of the Woods." An incipient strike and two or three successful courtships serve to vary the monotony of the camper's existence. The book is appropriately bound in green linen. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A DELIGHTFUL little tale is Eva Wilder Brodhead's "One of the Visconti," and the range of its merits is sufficiently wide to give pleasure to readers of very diverse tastes. The setting is picturesque, the story is vivaciously told and so full of color and movement, that the most inert consumer of fiction who takes it up simply for an hour's amusement will find himself abundantly entertained. On the other hand, those who derive half their enjoyment in reading from the exercise of their own critical intelligence will find a distinct satisfaction in Mrs. Brodhead's technical equipment as a novelist. "One of the Visconti" is a novel in miniature, and it has the delicacy of finish properly belonging to such work. The construction is excellent, the texture of the story is firm and close, the characters are clearly outlined, and their interaction is admirably managed. The book is a harmonious and well-balanced piece of work, and such conscientious and graceful literary craftsmanship is all too rare to pass unnoticed in these days of jerry-built novels. Of the three couples whose fortunes the story follows through an Italian winter, the most absorbing are not the young Kentucky lawyer and the daughter of the house of Visconti, engaging though they are, but rather the Fannings, the cultivated woman from Cincinnati, and her out-grown husband. The author has made an acute study of the better type of American woman who lives abroad "for the education of the children," and demonstrates convincingly that the cultivation to be obtained from Europe can be outgrown and wearied of in turn, no less than the domestic amenities of Cincinnati, and that in the long run an unsatisfied heart hurts more than an unsatisfied mind. This is a moral which will bear reiteration in a generation whose women are still dizzy with the discovery of the intellectual life. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

It is a good thing to be a story-teller by the grace of Heaven, like Mr. Robert Barr. His latest book, "One Day's Courtship," contains two short tales. The hero of the title-story is an English artist who says "will" when he means "shall" and has bold, bad manners. The heroine is a Boston girl whose address is Beacon Street. Her manners were obviously left at home in cold storage before she came to Canada, where we meet her. This deficiency in her summer outfit is as painful to the reader as it is to the hero, whose sufferings from her scorn are almost sufficient to justify his own shortcomings in courtesy. Two such impossible people and an absurd situation would doom most tales, but Mr. Barr wrests victory from the elements of defeat, and the reader who came to scoff remains to smile, in spite of himself and without quite knowing why. "The Heralds of Fame," the second story in the book, has a more attaching hero, and, if the wooden heroine could be omitted, would be an attractive study of the coming of success to a modest young English novelist, who receives the first intimations of his fame from the reporters who come aboard at Quarantine to interview him when he arrives in this country, just after the publication of his book. They find him absorbed in the heroine, a fact which may conduce to his personal satisfaction, but is very bad for the dramatic quality of the climax. Construction has its rights, even as against a hero's bliss. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

In "The Tin-Kitchen," a quartette of four short stories, by J. Hatton Weeks, a good idea has been well exploited. In colonial days, before electric cooking and previous to machine-made clocks, there were at least four articles of daily use or enjoyment without which no family dwelling of any pretension was complete. These were the tin-kitchen, the upright clock, the teapot and satin shoes. Mr. Weeks winds them up, after the manner of the images in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, and makes each tell its own story; and good stories they are. The dialect is that of New England, and the people who are pictured here, in full-page engravings or half-tones, are exactly the sort you still find north of Long Island Sound. Indeed, these are portraits of real beings, not of imaginary types. The tin-kitchen was sometimes scrubbed so brightly that the lady of the household could use it as a mirror wherein to admire her calash, face, handkerchief and silk gown, as she sat in her rush-bottomed chair. Josh Atkins always wound up the old "Gran'ther's clock," cleaned its face and hands and kept it easy and comfortable, so that it would tick merrily year in and year out. As for the teapot, there was no end of fortune-telling from its oriental dregs, and it fairly puffed out gossip from its spout, beside pouring out the oil of conversation and lubricating the joints of good fellowship. In the satin shoes, belonged Miss Cynthia, who, instead of marrying the dashing young Lieutenant on the "Hornet," became the minister's "help," more or less "meet" for him, in Duxbury. The stories are delightful. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

WE HAVE BEEN long expecting someone to rush into that realm where angels might fear to tread—the demesne of du Maurier's style—and he has at last appeared in the person of Mr. Claud Nicholas, the author of "Ugly Idol." Sad to say, the outside dress and the title are not the only ugly things about this book: its ugliness is internal and increases to the end. It is a story of artist life, with the bickerings and love-affairs of as hateful a set of half-savage oddities as ever lived between the covers of a book. Two hundred pages are filled with the eccentricities of the crazy artist Lester, the nondescript Gilbert and that bewildering circle of females, Agathe, Ella, Martha, Clothilde and Theresa. At the end the reader can scarcely make out from the tangled plot who marries whom, nor does he much care. In the chapters descriptive of the life at Champagne, however, there is some lively writing à la *Trilby*: snatches of French songs, street cries, and the reckless vivacity of the studio life. (Roberts Bros.)—"THE GREEN GRAVES of Balgowrie," by Jane Helen Findlater, is a faint echo of the recent Scotch realists. It might have followed eighty years ago in the train of Jane Austen, of whom the author is a belated and degenerate daughter. It is a domestic novel with little incident, and that of the unhealthy, morbid type, and is without a vestige of Miss Austen's humor, satire and subtle delineation of character. Two Scotch girls through excessive shyness and ignorance of the world suffer life-long misery. They are persecuted by an unnatural mother, and tutored by an old, profane, drinking minister, who falls in love with one of them. One sister goes to London to meet only mortification in society, and the other pines away at home. They are finally reunited to die of consumption, but slowly, through 150 pages. The story is most

inferior in point of style, and has hardly a touch of comic relief. The most sympathetic of critics can see absolutely no justification for its existence. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"JAMES; or, Virtue Rewarded," is the title of a rather clever rural English story, in which curates and vicars, tradespeople and gentry, church parties and petty jealousies are mixed up in an *olla podrida* quite puzzling to Americans, among whom happily such class distinctions as are described in this anonymous book do not exist. The author evidently understands her folk and reproduces their hesitating speech, their commonplace lives, their conventionalities of custom and costume, graphically enough; and yet the sub-taste is not pleasant. We fail to get interested in James, or in the reward which his virtues ultimately brought, in spite of the excellent print and charming page in which his story is chronicled. (Stone & Kimball.)—Two of the tales that have secured for Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué a place in the annals of the world's literature—"Sintram and His Companions" and "Undine"—have been issued in a handsome volume, with an introduction by Charlotte M. Yonge and illustrations by Gordon Browne. Mrs. Yonge, by the way, reproduces in her introduction Albrecht Dürer's engraving of "The Knight, Death and Satan," which is said to have given Fouqué the inspiration for "Sintram." (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

THE AUTHOR of "The Lucky Number," J. K. Friedman, handles his pen with cleverness and points his cynical moral with a pungency and decision that would not have shamed the lamented Villiers. Around the "sign" of "The Lucky Number"—a low resort of thieves and cut-throats—he has woven the plots of several short stories that are realistic without being shocking. The one entitled "A Pair of Eyes" ought to place Mr. Friedman high among modern fiction writers, if the power to draw vividly a picture of intense pain—and make the reader feel the sting of it—may still lift a writer to the ranks of the celestials. The tales at the end of the volume show a falling-off from the energy displayed in "The Lucky Number," whose readers, while they may be few, ought certainly to be enthusiastic. (Way & Williams.)—"CINDERPATH TALES," by William Lindsey, is a lively little collection of stories about athletes and their sports. The tales are all put into the mouth of one Walter Brown, a trainer, who premises that literature "is not his game" and says truthfully that no records will be broken in his pursuit of it. This fact once well understood, we can praise the book with a clear conscience. Each of the seven narratives has a beginning, an end and a well-defined point. They are, in fact, able-bodied stories, and are recounted with a certain muscular swing in the style which accords well with the subject-matter. Once or twice they bring the reader's heart into his mouth with excitement, as the events they record have a way of doing, and they will interest everyone who cares for amateur athletics—that is to say, nearly all the world. (Copeland & Day.)

UNDER the title of "Love in the Backwoods," Langdon Elwyn Mitchell's publishers have bound together two stories that show respectively the light and the shade of pioneer life. Readers of *Harper's Magazine* will, no doubt, remember the "Two Mormons of Muddlety," with its luminous illustrations by Mr. Gilbert Gaul; meanwhile the second story, "Alfred's Wife," may be found in the pages of *The Century*, under the title of "Lucinda." Mr. Mitchell writes with an appreciation of his themes unhampered by any literary affectation of *genre*. His style is as simple, clear and unstudied as the people that move across his pages; and while we prefer the brighter scenes of his "Two Mormons," we are sure that its companion story will find many admirers among the lovers of frank sentiment and pathos. (Harper & Bros.)—UNDER the title of "One of God's Dilemmas," Allen Upward presents us with a domestic problem that, without the assistance of omniscience, should not to the ordinary mind entail any difficulty in its solution. In its lack of evidences of experience and keen observation, the author's method is at a disadvantage with such characters as Mr. and Mrs. Bere—the loving mother, intensely religious and unrelenting; and the father whose atheism and plebeian origin aggravate the crime of his desertion of his wife. In a sort of intuition, however, Mr. Upward shows an almost feminine heart, and thus we find his picture of the boy Etienne well drawn and very charming. There is an understanding of the heart of this interesting youngster, a truth in his traits and actions, that strikes the reader as biographical, and makes us regret that the very disagreeable title may deprive the story of many readers to whom it would give pleasure. (Edward Arnold.)

"SIMON RYAN, the Peterite," by the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D., is a small book, but will give pleasure, while its reading lasts, to those who have found Dr. Jessopp in the past a kindly and intelligent observer of human nature. The title may possibly attract the curiosity of some readers who do not yet know what to expect from its author. A Peterite might be almost anything, and we hasten to discover what manner of man he is. He turns out to be a very odd genius, his reason a bit unsettled, who, like many another Bible-student, has evolved for himself a whole scheme of original theology out of the sacred text. Simon Ryan's "doxy," however (and this explains the title), rests on a smaller foundation than some others, as he rejects and antagonizes most vigorously the whole of St. Paul's writings, pinning his faith on St. Peter's. Of the subject Dr. Jessopp has made a very readable and well-told story, how far founded on fact we are not told: but in view of his faculty for coming upon queer characters in real life, it is so probably to a large extent. In any case, the central figure is strongly and consistently sketched, in a picturesque setting. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

The Best Twelve American Stories

WE SHALL BE GLAD to have our readers send us lists of the best twelve short stories by American authors. Only original stories, in English prose, will be considered. No story of more than fifteen thousand words should be included. The polls will close on March 31, and to the person sending the list which we regard as the best, we will give \$15 worth of books, of his or her selection, at American publishers' prices.

By American authors we mean authors born in the United States, or of American parentage; or such as may have come here in childhood and made this country their permanent home. This would exclude Mrs. Burnett, who came here from England in childhood, but has gone to London of late years and made her home there; and Mr. Kipling, who came here after his writings had made him famous, and is not an American citizen, nor at present even a resident of America. On the other hand, we should regard a story by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn as sufficiently American for our purpose.

Lists should be written on only one side of the sheet. And on the envelope should be written the words "Short Stories."

The prize list will appear in our issue of April 10.

287 FOURTH AVE., New York. EDITORS OF THE CRITIC.

London Letter

THERE WAS some lively bidding at Sotheby's yesterday afternoon, and well there might be. Were not two original MSS. of Keats for sale, and one of them no less a treasure than "Endymion"? It was its first appearance in the market, for hitherto it has been zealously guarded in the safe of the heirs of the original publisher, and only such privileged enthusiasts as Mr. Buxton Forman have been granted a sight of it. Yet nowadays, in the whirligig of commerce, everything comes to the hammer at last; and "Endymion" was knocked down for 695*l*. Even for the MS. of an immortal work, this is a very high price, as the market goes. There are 181 pages of copy, all but one in the poet's autograph. The other MS. of Keats was the "Lamia"—twenty-six pages of foolscap paper—and 305*l*. was the price of it. Altogether, it must have been a tempting day for the bibliophile, for, over and above these treasures, a copy of the *editio princeps* of "The Vicar of Wakefield" in the original calf fetched 60*l*., and the final proof-sheets of Thackeray's "Fox and Cat" 45*l*. Who but yearns for the wealth of Mr. Hooley when such gems are to be had for filthy lucre!

Several times during the last few months there have been cases which have displayed afresh the eccentricity of our copyright laws, and there is one growing abuse which certainly merits the attention of the Society of Authors. It is becoming the fashion among a certain class of West-End photographers to trade upon the vanity of young authors and artists in the following manner. The photographer first writes to the author and says that he is making up an album of distinguished men-of-letters, and is most anxious to include a counterfeit presentment of our young friend. If he may be favored with a sitting, the photographer will be happy to give him a dozen copies of the portrait without charge. This seems very reasonable, and the author at once consents. Then, perhaps, time passes, and the author is asked for a portrait of himself to insert in some illustrated paper, or, it may be, he decides to adorn his latest book with one. He most naturally gives a copy of the photograph in question to the engraver or the etcher, and a reproduc-

tion is published. Then the photographer sweeps upon his quarry. If the portrait appears in a periodical, he at once pounces upon the editor, arraigns him for a breach of copyright, and demands an account of all the copies of his paper sold containing the portrait, and a royalty upon their sale. If it is reproduced in a book, he waits till the book has had a fair sale, and then attacks the careless but innocent author with the same demands. I am told that this is become a regular trade among a number of photographers, and that case after case has been settled out of court during the present spring for sums ranging between 5*l*. and 100*l*. Young authors will do well, then, to be careful; indeed, they will do best if they refuse resolutely to be photographed for nothing. For if one or two of our young poets—who shall be nameless—were prevented from circulating their features in the sixpenny illustrated papers, what would become of their poetry and its vogue? Moreover, one photographer is even said to have "established copyright" in the features of one of the authors who gave him a sitting. Why, it would be an absolute fortune to have "established copyright" in the face of Mr. —, or the back hair of Mr. —. Therefore, the aspiring author will do well to be advised.

Many are the vicissitudes of journalism. Next Saturday *The National Observer* ceases to exist as a separate organ, and becomes merged in *The British Review*, the threepenny literary and political survey which Mr. Lewis Edmunds owns, and Mr. W. H. Mallock edits. *The Scots Observer*, as it originally was named, was started about 1888, under the management of Mr. James N. Dunn, the present successful editor of *Black and White*, and was the means, under Mr. W. E. Henley, of introducing to the public writers of such performance as Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling. It was removed to London in 1892, and about a year later was sold into what proved to be but respectable mediocrity. Since Mr. Henley left it, it has been noteworthy chiefly for its encouragement of the playful and entertaining muse of Mr. Owen Seaman; its old note, which was always stimulating, if sometimes overplayed, has been lately altogether silent. The amalgamated papers will be called *The British Review and National Observer*. Mr. W. H. Mallock will continue to act as editor.

Further changes are ahead in the journalistic field, moreover. A financial syndicate has acquired *The Weekly Sun*, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor will in future act as editor without proprietary interests. It seems, too, that, when Mr. Hooley bought the evening *Sun*, he made it a condition that the weekly paper should change its name within a given time, and that this time has now nearly elapsed. Finally, there is to be an entirely new staff under Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who will continue to write the "Book of the Week" and the brief political notes.

It is rumored that the fine building in Charing Cross Road, occupied by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., has been purchased for 11,000*l*. by Mr. H. S. Nicholls, the publisher of limited editions, and that he will shortly set up in this thoroughfare, which seems likely to become the new centre of the publishing trade. Messrs. Macmillan's new offices in the same road are in the course of being built, and will probably be ready by the autumn publishing season.

Of the making of books upon book-plates there would seem to be no end, but Mr. H. W. Fincham has just finished a work on "The Artists and Engravers of British and American Book plates," which appears to cover fresh ground. According to the author, his work gives a list of 1400 artists and engravers and a description of more than 5000 book-plates, while the late Lord de Tabley's well-known volume included but 200 engravers, and Mr. Dexter Allen's about 100. The lists are to show in each entry the owner's inscription, the artist's signature, the style of the plate and the approximate date. There will be many illustrations, printed from the original copperplates, and, wherever it is possible, biographical notes will be given with full particulars of the artists described. Mr. Fincham began the book some years ago, for his own amusement, but many collectors, both in America and England, have seen his MS. and expressed a wish that it should be published. Consequently Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., who are already identified with the series of "Books About Books," have arranged to add it to their autumn list.

The Shakespeare memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon will be given during the middle week of April by that admirable actor, Mr. F. R. Benson, who will appear for the first time as Henry the Fifth, a part for which his faculties and physique peculiarly fit him. The other pieces to be played during the week are "The Tempest," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet."

LONDON, 12 March 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Drama

"The Wonder" at Daly's

MR. DALY has added to the great debt which all lovers of the classic theatre owe him, by his revival of Mrs. Centlivre's famous old comedy. It would not be well if this representative piece should be permitted to fall into oblivion, especially as it is associated with the names of all the most brilliant comedians of the English stage for the greater part of two centuries. To the unformed playgoer of to-day, undoubtedly, it appears to deal with very familiar personages and situations, simply because it is one of the models upon which hundreds of modern comedies have been founded. It is, itself, an adaptation from plays of a still older generation, which have perished absolutely, except in the memory of the students of theatrical literature. Its survival on the stage is due solely to its adroit employment of typical theatrical personages and situations, and its genuine dramatic character. Judged by the standards of what is called the realistic school, which has the gift of being unreasonable without being imaginative, it is artificial and preposterous, but, although it cannot be acquitted of the charges of clumsiness and exaggeration, it is, at bottom, thoroughly human, and far more true to nature, on broad lines, than the modern photographic studies of the abnormal. Considered as drama, without reference to the character of the dialogue, it is entitled to high rank. The story is told clearly and effectively in action, with consistent attention to the traits of the personages involved, with a quick succession of diverting incidents, and with an ingenuity which maintains a cumulative interest up to the moment of the final settlement.

The present performance of the play was vivacious and capable, if not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Daly is fighting gallantly, and on the whole successfully, against circumstances for which he is not responsible. A little while ago he had a company trained in the style of the older comedy. It was dissipated by death and defection. There was no source from which he could supply his deficiency, and he had to create a new stock company out of raw material. Much of this is promising, but it is not yet ripe for criticism. Moreover, there were signs, on the first night, of insufficient rehearsal, due probably to the sudden withdrawal of "Meg Merrilies." Nevertheless, as a whole, the representation, especially in the later acts, was vivacious and spirited. As might have been expected, the veterans carried off the chief honors. George Clarke played Colonel Britton in capital style, Deane Pratt was excellent as the Scotch servant Gibby, and Mr. Varney was an admirable Don Pedro. Miss Rehan's Violante, when she is more familiar with her lines, will rank among the most successful of her old comedy impersonations. The character is suited to her style and temperament, and, although she cannot accommodate her habit of utterance to the formal sentences, the varying moods of the part, coquetry, intrigue, audacity and resourcefulness, all lie within her range, and she interprets them confidently and often brilliantly. Mr. Richman plays Don Felix with abundant energy, but has almost everything to learn with regard to manner and diction. Herbert Gresham is amusing as the gay valet Lissendo, and Grace Rutter does exceedingly well as one of the maids.

Music

THE BOSTONIANS, after many trials and the treading of devils' paths, have at last succeeded in obtaining an operetta which contains the elements of popularity. It is called "The Serenade," and it is now on exhibition at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The book is credited to Harry B. Smith and the music to Victor Herbert. It is said, however, that there was an original French libretto by Chivot and Durot, and music by Louis Varney. It may be that Mr. Smith has not improved upon the original book; but it is safe to assume that Mr. Herbert's music is better than M. Varney's. Mr. Herbert is a composer of sound scholarship and graceful fancy, and his "Serenade" music is full of charm. The libretto is amusing and the operetta is well performed. The story has been recounted in the daily newspapers and is not in need of repetition here, but it may be noted that it is excellent in conception and well told. The operetta is worthy of the high reputation of the Bostonians and is a valuable addition to their repertoire.

The latest concert of the Musical Art Society was, like all the other entertainments of this admirable organization, most satisfying to persons of high musical taste. The most interesting numbers on the program were the famous "Miserere" of Allegri (the one which Mozart memorized at a single hearing), a "Crucifixus"

by Lotti, an exquisitely beautiful "Ave verum," by Josquin des Prés, Orlando Tasso's "Timor et tremor," Volckman Leising's "O filii et filiae," and Bach's cantata, "God's time is best." All of these works were sung with the precision, fine tonal balance and lovely shading which characterize the work of Mr. Frank Damrosch's highly trained choir.

At the March concert of the Symphony Society the interesting features were a repetition of Dr. Antonin Dvorak's beautiful E Minor symphony, "From the New World," and the debut of Miss Ella Russell, an American soprano, who has been singing abroad for nearly ten years. Miss Russell selected for her introduction, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," a number demanding abundant voice and breadth of style. She revealed a clear and powerful, but not very warm, soprano voice, a vigorous style, and a broad, well-considered phrasing. She made a most favorable impression and will be heard again with great pleasure.

Recent performances of "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhäuser," under Mr. Walter Damrosch's direction at the Metropolitan Opera House, have served to deepen the conviction that his company is stronger in general sincerity than in individual talent. Mme. Lehmann's work in these days is more conspicuous by reason of its dramatic significance and its tremendous emotional force than by its vocal beauty. There is still a large and noble tone in her upper middle register, and her skill in the employment of this part of her voice is fine; but her lower register is weak and her attack there is painfully bad. But her impersonation of Isolde is still one of the masterworks of our time, and, in spite of vocal defects, her utterance in this rôle is wonderfully eloquent.

Mr. Kalisch, her husband, has developed into a very good Wagner singer. His Lohengrin was excellent, his Tannhäuser vigorous, his Walther good, and his Tristan at least respectable. Mme. Gadske continues to delight the opera-going public with her excellent singing and her womanly impersonations. She is one of the most satisfactory lyric sopranos ever heard in this city, and her Senta and Elizabeth will be among the *memorabilia* of our operatic history. Mr. Damrosch himself deserves the greatest credit for the courage and devotion with which he has thus far carried his enterprise, and for the skill as a conductor displayed by him. It will please his friends to know that at the close of the season he will probably have a balance in his favor.

Mlle. Flavie Van Den Hende, the talented Belgium cellist, assisted by other competent soloists, gave an interesting concert at the exhibition hall, 18 West 23d Street, on Tuesday last.

The third evening concert of the Oratorio Society of New York will take place to-night at Carnegie Hall, at 8 o'clock. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be produced under the leadership of Mr. Damrosch.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE PORTFOLIO of photogravures of paintings in the Hermitage collection, recently noticed in *The Critic*, has been followed by another, forming the first part of a similar publication of the principal paintings in the Museo del Prado in Madrid. It is issued by the same publishers (The Berlin Photographic Co.), and comprises five examples of Velasquez, three of Titian, and one each of Raphael, Rubens and Murillo. As is well known, most of the important works of Velasquez are in the Prado gallery. A capital example of his best period, "The Surrender of Breda," is reproduced in this new publication, together with four portraits, two of them belonging to the celebrated series of the dwarfs of Philip IV. Velasquez's great qualities are preëminently those of the painter, as distinguished from the designer, and cannot be properly represented in a black and white print, except by some photographic process and on a scale large enough to give some indication of the handling. This accounts for the great superiority of these photogravures over the engravings after the master, and applies as well to the other great Spanish painter, Murillo, whose "Divine Shepherd," or, as it is frequently called, "The Infant St. John," so very popular in engraving, is among the prints in this first part of the new publication. Among the Titians is the equestrian portrait of the Emperor Charles V, with lance in rest, which is an important example of the painter. The coming parts will contain no less than thirty reproductions of Velasquez, including all his most celebrated works, and many masterpieces of the other artists already named, and of Ribera, Goya, Van Dyck, Poussin, Correggio and Veronese. The complete work, in ten parts, each containing eleven photogravures, will be ready in December. Its price will be \$360.

—The Society of American Artists will open its nineteenth annual exhibition on Monday evening next. The reception and private view take place this evening.

The will of the late Louisa Dumaresq Hunt of Milton, widow of William M. Hunt, the artist, directs that certain paintings by her husband be disposed of, if possible, to the Boston Art Museum, as a memorial of Mr. Hunt. If no satisfactory arrangement can be made, the paintings are to be sold.

Art et Décoration, for January, makes a good beginning with an article, the first of a series, by Lucien Magne, on Stained-Glass ("Le Vitrail"), with illustrations after excellent designs by Grasset; and an account of a Belgian decorator, who has initiated a new style in furniture and electric-lighting apparatus, and an article on "L'art décoratif en Angleterre," by M. Thiébaut-Sisson, with other matter of interest. Among the directors of this new artistic monthly are MM. Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, Jean-Paul Laurens, Grasset, Roty and Frémiet. It bids fair to be successful. The American Architect and Building News Co. of Boston publishes the American edition of the periodical.

—Mr. William Halsey Wood of Newark, the well-known architect, died on March 13 in Philadelphia. His plan for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was one of the four selected for elaboration in the international competition; but the prize finally went to Messrs. Heins & La Farge.

—The last of the season's art exhibitions at the Union League Club consists of twenty-seven old masters, Dutch, Flemish, Italian and English—among them being two Rembrandts, a good bit by Jan Steen, a meritorious George Morland, a Vandyke, and works by Constable, Romney, Hopper, Laurence and Sir Peter Lely.

Civilization and the Tariff

THE RESTORATION, in the Dingley bill, of the tariff on books and works of art is so deliberate a step backward in the march of civilization, that one cannot but stand aghast at it. People who frame, support, report and propose to pass such a measure are almost beyond reasoning with. The President and practically all the professors of Yale have petitioned Congress to reconsider the proposed "removal from the free list of books, philosophical apparatus, etc., specially imported for the use of colleges, public libraries and other incorporated institutions." This body of eminent petitioners seems to consider the restoration of the duty on these articles as an oversight on the part of our law-makers. They are probably mistaken. It was the intelligence of the country that placed Mr. McKinley in the White House, and elected the LVth Congress, and as its first reward, gets this slap in the face.

Since this was written, it has been decided to restore to the free list those foreign books on scientific subjects, and scientific apparatus, which are imported for institutions of learning, provided that corresponding books and apparatus are not manufactured in this country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:—

I have read with great regret that the new tariff places a tax of twenty-five per cent. on paintings and statuary. It was a work of many years to get this barbarous tax on education removed. The National Free Art League was formed, and by constant effort and at no little expense public opinion was educated up to the removal of the tax. Not even the passage of a copyright law equalled this achievement as a step in the direction of enlightenment and civilization. Upward of 1200 artists petitioned for the free admission of works of art. Every artist and art institution of considerable reputation in the United States aided in the movement. They regarded it as a stigma placed upon them that they should be deemed in need of Governmental protection. That their confidence in the ability and soundness of American art was well founded received emphatic indorsement in the portrait shows of 1894 and 1895, in which, by common consent, the honors fell to American artists in preference to their foreign competitors. A backward step now when the outlook for American art is most promising would be as deplorable as it is uncalled for.

NEW YORK, 18 March 1897.

HENRY G. MARQUAND.

MR. I. ZANGWILL left England in February to explore some of the sites of the historic romances in his new book, "Dreamers of the Ghetto," which cannot be ready before the autumn, if then. He will ultimately go on to Egypt and Palestine, and will lecture at Jerusalem on Easter Sunday, which is also Passover.

For Greece and Crete

(The Nineteenth Century)

STORM and shame and fraud and darkness fill the nations full with night:

Hope and fear whose eyes yearn eastward have but fire and sword in sight:

One alone, whose name is one with glory, sees and seeks the light:

Hellas, mother of the spirit, sole supreme in war and peace,
Land of light, whose word remembered bids all fear and sorrow cease,
Lives again, while freedom lightens eastward yet for sons of Greece.

Greece, where only men whose manhood was as godhead ever trod,

Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith her feet are shod:

Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and very God.

Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph, when the fleet

Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken, wake to greet

Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the sacred shores of Crete.

There was God born man, the song that spake of old time said: and there

Man, made even as God by trust that shows him nought too dire to dare,

Now may light again the beacon lit when those we worship were.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Education

THE universities of Cornell, Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, Toronto, Chicago, Wisconsin, Iowa, Stanford and Michigan have associated for the purpose of calendaring the periodical literature of English history. This is a movement of some importance, in that it provides, in connection with the English Historical Annotations issued by the Michigan Seminary, a complete summary of current English historical literature.

The Regents of the University of the State of New York have adopted the revised ordinances, among them being that referring to the degree of LL. B. It provides that examinations for the degree shall not be prepared in the office of the Regents, but either by the examining law school, with the approval of the University, or by a board of examiners nominated by the Bar Association of this state, and appointed by the Regents in the same way as is adopted in medical and other professional examinations. This gives the legal profession direct concern in the matter.

At the monthly afternoon tea of the Women's University Club, to-day, the guests will be Prof. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton.

The United States Hydrographic Office has issued a chart of the world showing the lines of equal magnetic declination or dip for each degree. Hitherto the investigations into the subject of terrestrial magnetism carried on by the Office have been largely confined to the variation of the compass.

On March 22, the Department of English at Harvard University presented a "chronicle history in two scenes," by Prof. Barrett Wendell, entitled "Raleigh in Guiana." The action takes place in the cabin of Sir Walter's ship, the *Destiny*, off the mouth of the Orinoco, in the winter of 1617-18. The stage-setting in Sanders Theatre reproduced an English theatre at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The King, courtiers and pages were represented by students in costume. The six parts were taken by Asst. Prof. Wendell, Harvard graduates and others.

Herbert Spencer has refused the honorary degree of Doctor of Science offered to him by Cambridge University, on the ground that he has always declined such honors.

The Treasurer of Haverford College announces that he has received the title deeds to the real estate of the late Jacob P. Jones of Philadelphia, who died in 1885, leaving his residuary estate to the corporation of Haverford College as a permanent endowment fund.

The provisions of this will have recently become operative by the death of his widow. The value of the estate is about \$900,000, a large portion of which is in land and is at present unproductive. This legacy, added to the \$400,000 of productive endowment which the College already possessed, places Haverford among the leading American colleges in the matter of resources. It is announced that no radical change will be made in its policy; it will continue to develop on college lines, and will lay no claim to the title or work of a university.

Notes

The Critic of April 3 will contain a full account of the Authors Club dinner in honor of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, which occurred on Thursday of this week—too late for extended notice in to-day's paper. We have sent a photographer to Mr. Stoddard's house, and will publish, in connection with our report of the dinner, an excellent picture of the poet himself; his wife, who has made a reputation of her own as poet and novelist; and their son and only living child, Lorimer, who is known both as playwright and player. The family is grouped, in the photograph, in the drawing-room of the house near Stuyvesant Square, which it has occupied for many years.

—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will issue "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford," by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons make the following supplementary spring announcements:—"Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates," being the narrative of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia, 1880-90, by its director, John Punnett Peters; "The Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton," edited by Kate Mason Rowland; "Studies in Psychological Research," by Frank Bodmore; an anonymous work on "The Revolutionary Tendencies of the Age"; "Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement," by W. C. Watts; "Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine," edited, with an introduction, by George Benedict; and "The Lovers of Arenfels, and Other Tales of the Rhine," by C. E. Stevens.

—Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have completed arrangements for the publication, in the United States and Canada, of Dean Farrar's new book, "Men I Have Known." The volume will be made up of the Dean's reminiscences of Robert Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Stanley, Darwin, Tyndall, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes and many other famous men of England and America. It will be illustrated with portraits and facsimile letters.

—The Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland have just secured for their issue of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents,"

being edited for them by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the original manuscript of Father Claude Dablon's Relation of the French-Canadian Mission for the years 1676-77, which came to the surface on the tenth of March last, at Sotheby's auction-rooms, in London. The publishing of the annual volume of Jesuit Relations at Paris was prohibited by Richelieu after 1672, and thereafter few copies found their way into print. In 1854, James Lenox for the first time printed this particular Relation, edited by Dr. O'Callaghan; but he followed an abbreviated and modernized manuscript copy at Laval University, Quebec. In 1861, it was again printed, at Paris, in Duniol's "Mission du Canada," but still in an imperfect form. Mr. Thwaites will now be able to present the interesting document as it was written.


—Ian Maclaren has written two papers, giving his "Impressions of America," which will appear exclusively in *The Outlook*. The first is published to-day.

—The Continental Pub. Co. announces "Tales of the Sun-Land," a new volume of Indian stories by Verner Z. Reed, the author of "Lo-To-Kah," with illustrations by L. Maynard Dixon. The same house announces a metrical translation, by L. C. Van Noppen, of "Lucifer," the masterpiece of the great Dutch poet Vondel, whose influence on his contemporary Milton is still one of the problems of the history of letters.

—Dr. Elliott Coues has become "consulting editor" of *The Osprey*, the new monthly devoted to ornithology, published at Galesburg, Ill.

—Just before adjourning, the LIVth Congress passed an amendment of section 4963 of the copyright law. The American Copyright League neither supported nor opposed this amendment, which reads as follows:—

"SEC. 4963. Every person who shall insert or impress such notice, or words of the same purport, in or upon any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, print, cut, engraving or photograph, or other article, whether such article be subject to copyright or otherwise, for which he has not obtained a copyright, or shall knowingly issue or sell any article bearing a notice of United States copyright which has not been copyrighted in this country; or shall import any book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph or other article bearing such notice of copyright or words of the same purport, which is not copyrighted in this country, shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars, recoverable one-half for the person who shall sue for such penalty and one-half to the use of the United States; and the importation into the United States of any book, chromo, lithograph, or photograph, or other article bearing such notice of copyright, when there is no existing copyright thereon in the United States, is prohibited; and the circuit courts of the United States sitting in equity are hereby authorized to enjoin the issuing, publishing, or selling of any article marked or imported in violation of the United States copyright laws, at the suit of any person complaining of such violation: *Pro-*



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Hail to poets! Good poets, real poets, with a swig of wine and a lit of rhyme and sound hearts beneath their undulating ribs. Who would have thought that good fellowship and the free air of heaven could fan such fancies as these into a right merry woodland blaze in times when satyrs and hamadryads lie hid under the dead willows waiting till great Pan shall come again? NEW YORK TIMES.

69 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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vided, That this Act shall not apply to any importation of or sale of such goods or articles brought into the United States prior to the passage hereof."

—A curious copyright case has recently been decided by the Paris courts. At the time of Zola's latest candidacy for the Academy, a certain M. Laporte published a pamphlet, "Zola contre Zola," containing the most naturalistic passages in the naturalistic author's novels. M. Laporte's aim was to demonstrate that Zola's own writings were the strongest argument against his candidacy. Zola's publishers at once brought suit against M. Laporte for infringement of copyright, but the tribunal of the Seine held that there had been no infringement, taking into account the defendant's motive. To make the decision harmless as a precedent, the court gave as one of its reasons therefor the fact that the pamphlet did not give any idea of any given book of the author.

—In compiling a new volume of the "Messages and Documents of the Presidents," Representative Richardson has made the almost incredible discovery that hundreds of important signatures have been cut from important official papers, while many documents have been abstracted in their entirety. Not a signature of Lincoln remains, nor of Webster or Clay. Several volumes of original messages of Presidents are missing; numerous papers from cabinet officers have been stolen, and so have reports and communications from Revolutionary generals, and from commanders of the Mexican and Civil wars. Warrants bearing the signatures of Washington, Lord Fairfax and other men prominent in the country's earlier history have all disappeared. The robberies have evidently been going on for many years. Their full extent has not yet been ascertained. It is to be hoped that the Government will leave no stone unturned to find and punish the thieves, even though their booty be beyond its grasp.

—Lilli Lehmann sang at the entertainment given for the benefit of the Summer Rest Society, in the large ball-room of the Waldorf, on March 18. The Society's object, as readers of *The Critic* must well know, is to provide rest and country air for self-supporting gentlewomen, who cannot pay the charges of summer hotels. The cottage is situated at Woodcliff, N. J. It is needless to say that the great German artist's collaboration materially increased the Society's funds.

Publications Received

- A Priest. *The Open Secret*. 50c.
 Angot, Alfred. *The Aurora Borealis*. \$1.75.
 Aristotle on Youth and Old Age, Life and Death and Respiration. Tr. by W. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Ogle. \$2.50.
 Arnold, Edwin. *Victoria: Queen and Empress*. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Beerbohm, Max. *The Happy Hypocrite*. John Lane.
 Buchner, E. F. *A Study of Kant's Psychology*. \$1.25.
 Buck, F. T. *A Fiancé on Trial*. 90c.
 Catherwood, Mary H. *The Spirit of an Illinois Town*. \$1.25.
 Crauford, A. H. *Christian Instincts and Modern Doubt*. \$1.50.
 Craddock, Ida C. *The Heaven of the Bible*. 50c.
 Duchesse, The. *The Coming of Chloe*. \$1.25.
 Fawcett, Edgar. *A Romance of Old New York*. \$1.
 Fea, Allan. *The Flight of the King*. \$7.50.
 Francis Parkman. (Pamphlet.)
 Gill, W. A. *Edward Crocroft Lefroy*. \$1.50.
 Glyn, Anna L. *A Pearl of the Realm*. \$1.25.
 Goodnow, F. J. *Municipal Problems*. \$1.50.
 Grimshaw, B. E. *Broken Away*. \$1.50.
 Hayes, J. R. *How to Live Longer*.
 Lathrop, Rose H. *Memories of Hawthorne*. \$2.
 Marvelous Isles of the Western Sea. The. (Two Pamphlets.)
 Mead, George W. *Modern Methods in Church Work*. \$1.50.
 Merrill, George P. *A Treatise on Rocks, Rock-Weathering and Soils*.
 Miller, Olive Thorne. *Upon the Tree-Tops*. \$1.25.
 Morrow, W. C. *The Ape, the Idiot and Other People*. \$1.25.
 Nansen, F. *Farthest North*. 2 vols.
 Nash, Louis P. *First Reader: Æsop and Mother Goose*.
 Orred, Meta. "Glamour." \$1.25.
 Parker, Gilbert. *The Pomp of the Laviettes*.
 Price, Sadie F. *The Fern-Collector's Handbook and Herbarium*. \$2.25.
 Prince, Helen C. *A Transatlantic Chatelaine*. \$1.25.
 Raymond, Walter. *Charity Chance*. \$1.25.
 Rideal, Samuel. *Water and Its Purification*. \$2.50.
 Ridley, Edward. *The Pharsalia of Lucan*. \$4.50.
 Roberts, C. G. D. *A History of Canada*.
 Satchel Guide to Europe.
 Stevenson, P. E. *A Deep-Water Voyage*. \$1.25.
 Sturgis, R., and H. E. Krehbiel. *Bibliography of Fine Art*.
 Train, E. P. *A Marital Liability*.
 Tsountas, C., and J. I. Manatt. *The Mycenaean Age*. \$6.
 Walton, Isak, and Charles Cotton. *The Compleat Angler*. \$6.
 Whiteley, I. *The Falcon of Langac*. \$1.50.
 T. Whittaker.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Respiration. Tr. by W. Longmans, Green & Co.
 John Lane.
 Lancaster, Pa.: New Era Print.
 Merriam Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Thomas Whittaker.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 John Lane.
 Little, Brown & Co.
 John Lane.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 John Lane.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Los Angeles: E. E. Crandall.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Macmillan Co.
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 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Harper & Bros.
 Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
 Henry Holt & Co.
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 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
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 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
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 Boston: American Library Assoc.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
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 John Lane.
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